



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

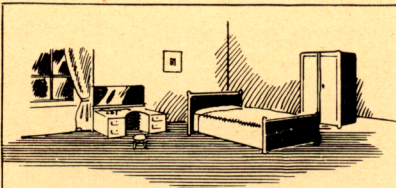
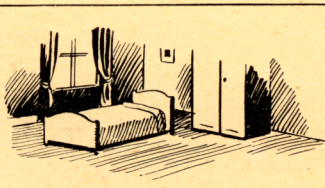


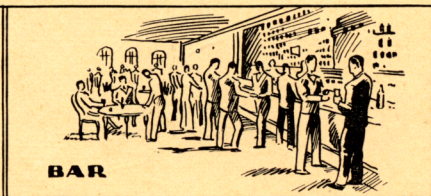
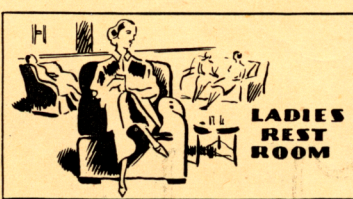
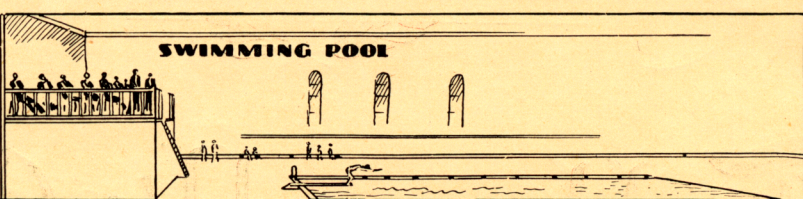
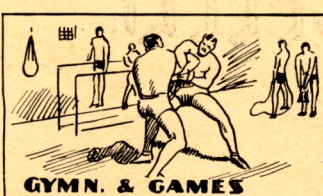


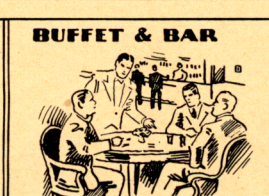
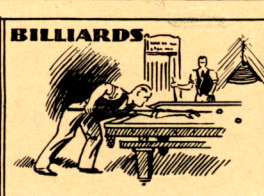






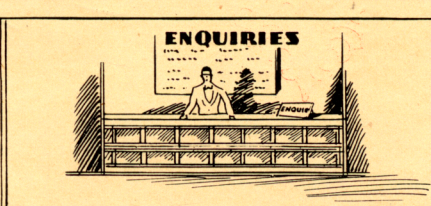
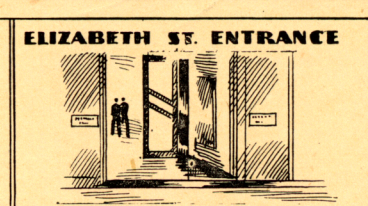
*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 15. No. 9. November, 1942.





# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

 <b>BEDROOMS</b> 			FLOOR <b>5</b>	
 <b>DINING ROOM</b>	 <b>LOUNGE</b>	 <b>BAR</b>	FLOOR <b>4</b>	
 <b>LADIES REST ROOM</b>	 <b>SWIMMING POOL</b>		FLOOR <b>3</b> me 33.	
 <b>GYMN. &amp; GAMES</b>	 <b>TREATMENT</b>			FLOOR <b>3</b>
 <b>CARD ROOMS</b>	 <b>BUFFET &amp; BAR</b>	 <b>BILLIARDS</b>	 <b>OFFICE &amp; BOARD ROOM</b>	FLOOR <b>2</b>
 <b>CLUB ROOM</b>	 <b>BAR</b>	 <b>BARBER</b>	 <b>GROCERIES</b>	FLOOR <b>1</b>
 <b>CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE</b>	 <b>ENQUIRIES</b>	 <b>ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE</b>		GROUND FLOOR





Established 14th May,  
1858.

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

137 ELIZABETH STREET  
SYDNEY

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Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

THIS war is sweeping through continents like a great bush fire fanned by the Furies. In place of trees are human lives. Never in man's martyrdom has there been a conflagration of such immensity, of such intensity.

Ours is only a blurred picture from the distance; yet all-sufficient in its lurid sweep to make us stand agape and aghast. We wonder in what span of time will the green saplings of re-birth shoot again from the charred remains; whether we of this era are destined to behold Springtime come again in the sense of a healed humanity.

We do not despair, because we know that the pages of history are stained with catastrophic events. Tyrants have been born into the world almost since the world began. From Genghis Khan—and before—down to Hitler, they have started world-sweeping conflagrations before the devilish destiny that created these despots in time destroyed them.

What a ravaged world did after their visitations, our world of to-morrow will achieve. It will do that because no tyrant, no despoiler, has ever been able to crush humanity out of mankind. There is something to be said for the truth of man's inhumanity to man. There is more to be said in the ultimate for man's humanity to man.

At this moment and on this occasion, we say to you frankly that while men go forward in this world convulsion and bear the physical travail, it is up to you on the home front to remain their steadfast allies by supporting this, your club, in its war efforts—not some of you some of the time, but all of you all of the time.



# The Club Man's Diary

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS :  
14th, Mr. C. Salon; 22nd, Mr. J. H. O'Dea; 26th, Mr. R. R. Coote; 27th, Mr. L. Noakes; 30th, Mr. H. (Barney) Fay.

\* \* \*

Have you noticed the look of wide-eyed wonderment with which a baby surveys the world about it? Yet it is not more than vaguely conscious of the presence of persons or their movements. Sounds mean no more to it than modulations. A king or a peasant might stand before a baby and receive the same goo of recognition, without distinction as to rank. Similarly, an oration by Churchill would mean to it as much (or as little) as an exhortation by Hitler. What the war's all about, who are the principals, and the merits of a second front, as well as of various post-war prescriptions, do not concern the baby. It's all babble.

\* \* \*

Some day he will sit up and take notice. He will read in history of the human holocaust, behold pictorial evidence of scorched earth, look upon the photographs of those of the elders of his family who went through the furnace—and contribute more in taxation to meet the cost of the war his father helped to fight and the war before that which claimed his grandfather.

\* \* \*

Like many babies developed into young manhood in the generations before him, he will count himself fortunate on having been oblivious of the events of wartime. So far as he was concerned Hitler didn't happen, Tojo was a menial in the kingdom of apes, and Musso a monstrosity lined up in a side-show.

Let the youth hug his illusions, for time is shaping for him the ugly realities of life; and to believe that they will spare him any less than his father and his grandfather were spared in their generation is to misread history in terms of the martyrdom of man.

\* \* \*

Public men as I meet them: The man with lashings of time at disposal and with no time to see any-

one; the busy man who makes time to see everyone; the man of orderly mind, and the chap who chases himself in circles; the man of tricky excuses and transparent apologies, who makes, and cheerfully breaks, appointments; the scrupulous man who enters into few appointments and keeps all; those sacred superiorities, and the men of simple charm and easy approach; the pitiful figure always under stress of self-control; the affable fellow of sunny greetings; procrastinating prawns, and men of resolution; the big hits, and the misfits; the yes-men and the guess-men; and the magnate who so often is a stagnate.

\* \* \*

*This is supposed to be a tough age, but we find the Caulfield Cup winner and runner-up named respectively Tranquil Star and Heart's Desire.*

\* \* \*

When the late M. A. Noble was addressing a gathering on "Cricket and Citizenship," he was "put off his stroke" by an interjection which came somewhat as a googly in a serious moment. M.A.N. was discussing phases of sportsmanship, the real and the so-called, and came to mention the concerted yell "howzat?"—staged to influence the umpire. "These tactics," he went on, "often startled the umpire out of——" As he paused for the word or words, a voice put in: "Out of his sleep!"

\* \* \*

Just to be pally with an American soldier, a member of the committee of this club marked the visitor's race book at Randwick on Epsom day. The soldier collected on four winners, two doubles and put an extra tenner in the last on It's Funny, the second leg to his second double.

That story can be vouched for. I am not so certain of the follow-up that the member of the committee aforesaid had himself one sixpence on the day.

\* \* \*

R. E. (Dick) Mills, brother of Major Toby Mills, has joined the A.I.F. Dick was an official of the Transport Department.

Many miss from the luncheon table and elsewhere their fellow club member and friend, J. G. O'Brien, who is now practising his profession as a solicitor at Nowra. This pleasant, prosperous spot should find in J.G.O.B. a friendly acquisition to its citizenry. He will be able to aid them in the way of legal guidance, and by his active interest add strength to local enterprises. Sportsmen will hail him as one of their company.

\* \* \*

Bill Gilson, overseas member of the club, looked in on the company during the past month, renewing acquaintances with those who had been happy in his care aboard ship.

Other overseas members in Bill Fookes and Jack Williamson are assured of a welcome equally as hearty as that extended to Bill Gilson and to all who go down to the sea in ships when they steer a course for Tattersall's Club.

\* \* \*

Mr. W. G. Bull, whose death occurred in October, was hailed among fellow club members, and his fellow-men generally, as a grand friend. He will be missed among our company. Dr. I. Bull, his brother, is a club member, and to him and all members of the family we extend our sincere sympathy.

\* \* \*

Bill Groves, known to club members who travelled abroad on the old Cathay, and other ships, writes George Chiene from various parts of the world at long and short intervals. In his latest communique Bill told of having met in England Maurice Tait, now a Lieutenant, Maurice Leyland, now a sergeant, and Jack Hobbs, All sent greetings to Australian friends.

\* \* \*

*I can understand their saying of a horse which has failed to win its feed, "We'll put him over the sticks"; but it tickles my sense of humour to hear "If he doesn't win next up we'd better retire him to the stud."*



You can't afford to give away anything at snooker with Tom Sweet as opponent. Percy Robinson knew this. When he had to make the opening shot he determined to play for safety, allowing for this, and providing against that, in the realm of eventualities, Percy took stance, sighted the balls, made careful aim — and went in off!

\* \* \*

Barney Fay, whom we used to meet on his occasional trips from Brisbane, has now taken up residence permanently in Sydney.

\* \* \*

Among inter-State members in the club during the past month was Harry Tandy, well known in the "sweets" industry. He has moved his headquarters to Melbourne. After a brief stay in Sydney he hurried home for his son's fourth birthday party. Harry never goes beyond a modest bet, but he is usually among those present when the books come to pay out.

\* \* \*

The great demand for typewriters recalls that Sir Alfred Yarrow, formerly head of the famous English shipbuilding and engineering firm, was the first Englishman to use one of these machines. The first batch was imported to England from the U.S.A. in 1876. During landing operations one case, containing a dozen typewriters, fell into the docks. When the machines were recovered from the mud, no one knew what they were. So Sir Alfred Yarrow and a friend bought the dozen for a few shillings and had them cleaned and oiled. He then advertised for a shorthand writer who could play the piano. A youth was engaged—England's first shorthand typist.

\* \* \*

Rod Quinn, the poet, recommended to me an English journal published for highbrows. "It is difficult to obtain one of the limited number of copies that came to Australia," he explained, adding: "As a matter of fact, I got on the list only through a tram guard dropping out."

\* \* \*

Someone in the club room was inquiring of the identity of Mr. Bumble. He is a character in Charles

Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Smug, self-righteous, disagreeable, he is the beadle in the orphan asylum at which Oliver disgraced himself by asking for "more." It was Mr. Bumble who christened Oliver as follows:

"Notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernatural exertions on the part of this parish," said Bumble, "we have never been able to discover who is his father, or what was his mother's settlement, name or condition."

Mrs. Mann raised her hands . . . "How comes he to have any name at all then?"

The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said: "I invented it . . . We name our foundlings in alphabetical order. The last was S—Swubble, I named him. There was a T—Twist, I named him. The next one as comes will be Unwin, and the next Zwillkins. . . ."

\* \* \*

#### LEST WE FORGET.

*Not in a loud voice (the war was making a terrible noise anyhow) what she had to say was about patriotism. After all, it was very simple, all this. "Patriotism is not enough, I am dying for patriotism. They are going to shoot me for patriotism. Patriotism is my country, and for my country I die, but patriotism is not enough. We must have love for all mankind."*

—Nurse Edith Cavell.

\* \* \*

The oddest things have happened to Peter Dawson on his many world tours, the "A.B.C. Weekly" records. On one trip to Australia the purser was unusually attentive, and changed his cabin for a palatial suite. Later he remarked: "Do you know, Mr. Dawson, we sell more of your whisky than of any other brand." When he replied that he was only Dawson the singer, and not the Dawson of whisky fame, the purser's face went blank, like the fireproof curtain coming down in a theatre.

There was also confusion with Herbert Dawson, organist. A concert committee wrote, regretting that they could not engage him, as usual, as they had decided to have a vocal-ist at the next concert!

Concerning the dropping of the Christian name Albert by Edward III. and George VI., there is a legend that Merlin, wizard of King Arthur's Court, foretold defeat and ruin of England under the Whites (Alberts). This, I seem to remember (a "Bulletin" contributor wrote) was the reason given for the shift from Albert to Edward in "Whitaker's Peerage" at the time of the death of Queen Victoria.

#### AUSTERITY.

DETERMINED to do my bit for Austerity, I forsook my Sunday morning lie-abed and repaired to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. Early in the piece my 'prentice hand faltered, and crash went a priceless egg. Out came my wife. "Well, of all—," she commenced, but I got in quickly with the soothing stuff. "My dear, what's an egg?" I asked, just as if the hens were laying all about the backyard—only we don't happen to keep hens.

Misfiring, I try a little banter: "Why, in my time, I've thrown hundreds—thousands—of eggs at election meetings. I haven't the honour of having cast the Warwick egg, but I count in my gallery of the bespattered supporters of all parties—showing that I have no prejudice. I hit 'em on all platforms from all angles. . . ."

"Why didn't they take shell-ter?" she inquires sneeringly.

"I can't answer that," I chip in, "but some of them were hard-boiled chaps."

She erupts again: "Look at that—!" but I keep calm, saying: "Darling, give a fellow a break."

There's scorn in her eyes, but one must see it out. "My dear, let's sweep the beastly old egg away," I suggest.

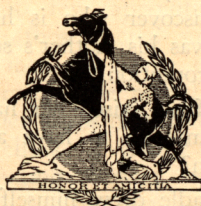
"Sweep away?" she storms.

"I mean mop away . . . slop away," I correct.

"While the going's good," she snaps, "you'd better get back to bed and read the papers."

What a fool, I reflected, is a man to get mixed up with Austerity—it's a woman's job, anyhow.





## **TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY**

### **NOTICE**

The Committee is finding it increasingly difficult to provide Members with the comfort, service and amenities to which they have been accustomed.

The problem of providing satisfactory service, owing to difficulties regarding staff and supplies, is an ever-present one, and the Committee seeks the assistance of Members in limiting to a minimum the number of guests they invite to the Club.

The Committee has no desire to curtail any of the privileges at present extended to Members, but unless a substantial reduction in the number of invitees is secured such a position must arise.

In making this suggestion, the Committee hopes for the co-operation of all Members.

**T. T. MANNING,**  
Secretary.

17/9/1942.



# MALTA: Most Bombed Spot on Earth

The most heavily bombed spot in the world is a little island in mid-Mediterranean. Malta, eight miles wide and 17 miles long, has been attacked more than 2000 times. Every day, for days at a time, from 150 to 200 Axis planes strike at this British carbuncle in Mussolini's sea. Even the goats on the rocky hills have learned to crouch in a ditch when the bombs begin to fall.

The attack began on June 11, 1940, the day after Italy entered the war. Malta was not ready. It had no fighter planes and no properly defended airports. However, there were four sea Gladiators in a dockyard storehouse. There were also four seaplane pilots. They had never flown fighter planes. But they took on the defence of Malta.

The four met wave after wave of bombers. They fought all day. They came down only to refuel, repair and take on ammunition. One Gladiator was shot down, the other three fought on for three months, sometimes grappling with forces ten times their number. The Maltese called them "Faith, Hope and Charity."

Now, two years later, Malta has great numbers of Hurricanes and Spitfires, long-range bombers and the heaviest concentration of anti-aircraft guns in the world. It has become a bottomless drain down which Germany and Italy pour valuable planes and crews. No dive-bomber squadron can stay on the job, the British say, for more than a very short time. Their nerve fails. Captured German pilots have revealed that new Nazi squadrons brought to Italy are not allowed to mix with battered ones, so they do not hear beforehand what faces them.

British pilots make no bones about their own hazards. They dive right through their own murderous barrage to stay on Jerry's tail. Veterans of both battles, Malta and Britain, tell you that Malta is worse than Britain ever was because the fighting is over a much smaller area. It is

almost impossible to make a forced landing on the island—and the Jerry patrol is on constant watch to strafe any launch trying to rescue pilots down in the sea.

Before the war began, Italy conducted vigorous propaganda among the Maltese, giving scholarships to many students and cheap travel facilities to their parents. When Italy entered the war, women and children of the English colony were moved into navy and army barracks for protection against any possible disorders among the natives. It was a needless precaution. The first Italian bomb which fell on Malta enraged the islanders. Recently a British warship took off a number of German and Italian prisoners. As the prisoners went aboard, the Maltese shook their fists and screamed at them. Nowadays they chalk up signs and write to the newspaper urging the British to bomb Rome. Maltese dockyard workers know that the harbour area is the hottest spot on the island, yet they come to work day after day.

There are 10,000 farms on the 95 square miles of this island—perhaps the densest population in Europe. Of important assistance to its people in withstanding the nonstop blitz is the marvellous system of shelters, hewn out of natural rock. Started seven years ago, during the Ethiopian crisis, they now provide for the bulk of Malta's 270,000 people. Helpful to swift construction was the soft limestone of which the island is composed. It is easy to work but hardens on exposure to air. Naval dockyard blacksmiths turned out thousands of picks and the Maltese dug tunnels by hand. Later they were aided by power-driven stone-cutters.

Some people live permanently in the shelters and do not come out even to have babies. Underground chapels as well as homes are now provided. Other people, however, despite Government efforts to stop them, stay out to watch the raids. When you see the show the guns

of Malta put on, you understand their temptation to linger. It is a gripping spectacle.

Many children stay on the street during the semi-alert, signalled by a yellow flag. When the red flag is run up, they shout into the house, "Mama, bombs!" and mama leaves off cooking dinner to take them to the shelter.

Malta's buildings, like the shelters, are made of rock. Thus there is no danger of fire from bomb raids. The enemy's only recourse is to drop high explosives, and the thick, tough walls of Malta will stand a lot of pounding. They do collapse eventually, of course. In the past 21 months, 4200 homes have been knocked down. But in only a few places do you see damage comparable to that of London's devastated areas.

Last winter, while Britain held the Libyan coast as far as Benghazi, Britain could furnish convoys, and Malta was restocked. Now the British have been pushed back and supply ships from Alexandria must run the gauntlet down the bomb alley of attacks coming from Crete and Greece on the north, Africa on the south. Convoys are carried through only with heavy risk and at considerable danger to convoying warships. Stukas, Junkers 88's and Messerschmitts raid them from daylight until dusk, when torpedo planes carry on by light flares. But some ships get through with the food and ammunition, which are essential to the island's defence. Whatever the cost in blood and steel, holding Malta is important.

Throughout history, Malta has been a military policeman in the central Mediterranean. This has been so under Phoenicians, who gave the Maltese their language, under Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Spaniards, the Knights of St. John who repelled a great Turkish siege, Napoleon, and finally the English.

No longer very useful for surface

(Continued on Page 16.)



# WARWICK FARM NOVEMBER MEETING 1942

(To be held on Randwick Racecourse)

First Day, Saturday, 21st November

Second Day, Saturday, 28th November

Kirkham Stakes of £750, for Two-year-olds. Five Furlongs  
(Entries close at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 9th)

# SUMMER MEETING 1942

(To be held on Randwick Racecourse)

First Day, Saturday, 19th December

The Villiers Stakes of £1,300 — — — — — One Mile

Second Day, Saturday, 26th December

The Summer Cup of £1,500 — — — — — One Mile and Five Furlongs

The December Stakes of £1,500 — — — — — Five Furlongs

The General Entries, including the December Stakes, close at 4 p.m. on  
Monday, November 30th.



# BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Students of ballistics know that the downward stroke causes the cue-ball to proceed to its objective in a series of short hops or bounces, and, that the longer the bounce the wider the angle or contact.

An excellent illustration of what happens with a downward stroke is reproduced on this page. It shows how a cueist can play in-off red without screwing—merely by the application of downward pressure on the cue. Obviously, if, at snooker, the man behind the stick decides to crack the black ball hard—just for luck—he will, if the balls are placed as shown, present his opponent with seven points away. What is more, he will find the black also takes a strange angle because it will be hit above centre instead of square on.

"Keep the back hand down" is a great slogan for novices, and unless observed will cause numerous errors.

The raised back hand, masse shots, soft screws and swervers must all come in their turn and not rushed. First essential is to learn to strike truly, and a player is going to improve in marvellous degree if he be able to control his aim to orthodox style for his first 50 games.

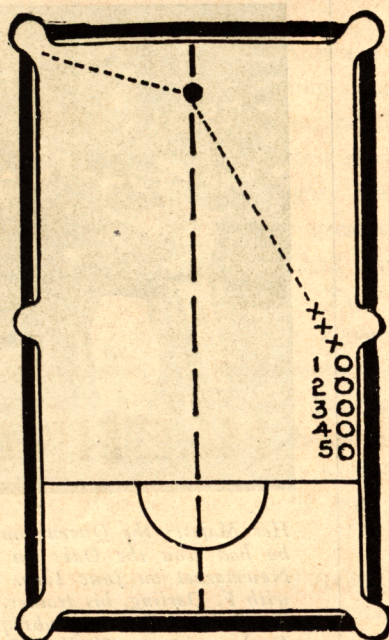
## Something About "Luck"

Frequently players of the poorish variety imagine they are playing well when Dame Fortune smiles their way and produces some atrocious flukes from which they have been able to capitalise with a good following shot. Actually the second shot should not have eventuated, and it must be remembered that the greater the number of flukes obtained the greater degree of one's inefficiency—the poorer one is playing.

Good players rarely have any "luck," because the balls will only go where they are sent, and players of experience go to no end of trouble to avoid playing a ball to a spot where it might do something not to schedule. The beauty of cueing

by players like Walter Lindrum, Joe Davis, Tom Newman and company is that they rarely have to play a hard shot. Their knowledge is so profound that "luck" is well nigh impossible.

Of all the leading professionals over the last 20 years probably Melbourne Inman scored more lucky ones than all the other champions



The spots marked "x" represent pennies placed on the table. If the cue-ball is struck downwards it will jump over them although not noticeable always to the eye. Unless intended, it is a sign of faulty cueing at its worst.

put together; anyway, his old opponent, Tom Reece, vows it is so. There is a reason.

Inman is a hard hitter—as champions go—and varies his game according to whim. His marvellous control over the cue enables him to score almost any shot, but he admits he knows nothing about top-of-the-table play and could not hold the balls in nursery cannon position for more than three shots; the fourth would find them split well and truly.

Inman, all through his career, has been prepared to "take the risk," and his record of breaks tell their own story, as four-figure runs have been conspicuous by their almost complete absence. When in Sydney on his last visit the oldtimer remarked that any player not satisfied with "a couple of hundred" at the one time was nothing more or less than a glutton. Incidentally, Inman's idol is Walter Lindrum, to whom he presented a beautiful cue case with the following words engraved on a brass plate: "Presented to Walter Lindrum by Melbourne Inman as a token of appreciation of his marvellous ability."

## Pressmen Have Their Joke

Mention of four-figure runs recalls that when Tom Newman was in Sydney a few years back he was greatly depressed because the "1000" kept eluding him. He got among the six, seven and eight hundreds repeatedly but his opponent was the only one getting the longer runs. At length success came his way and Newman scored a great 1643 before breaking down.

He retired from the table literally walking on air and thoroughly satisfied with himself. He made one fatal error, as he afterwards pointed out.

He occupied a vacant seat at the Press table and it was not long before a well-known sporting writer had him engaged in conversation:

"How on earth did you miss that last shot?" said the man of the pen, "We were hoping you would make a big break!"

Newman, at a Red Cross function in London during last August, retold the story, much to the amusement of his listeners, and the English Press gave it headlines.

Just quietly, Newman keeps the back hand down, and we can all, with advantage, follow his method.



# SPORT IN TIME OF WAR

The A.I.F. cricket team is monumental in the memory of two generations of sportsmen—and yet it seems to some of us but yesterday that its personnel emerged from the furnace of war, the first great and grave challenge of Teuton brutality to British freedom.

It is a tribute to the spirit animating those sportsmen, those brother Australians of ours, as much as to the cause that at this moment has electrified the complete race of Britons, that some of them have once more answered the call of duty. The second innings—what Percy Fender on a notable Test match occasion on Sydney Cricket Ground described as “a dour afternoon”—finds them taking the field again.

It may be only a figure of speech that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but its implications are tremendous as a revelation of the kinship between the British way of freedom and the British spirit of resolution and fortitude in the crises of war.

With equal truth we might say that the high courage which glorified Gallipoli, Palestine and France in 1914-18, and which is being repeated on the various battlefronts in this test of the very soul of our race, was born on the playing fields of Moore Park, on the beaches of Manly and Bondi and Coogee, and in all other arenas where youth learned to “play the game” for the sake of the game.

So it is that as time flows again from struggle to calm, as another A.I.F. cricket team takes form, the first eleven will become legendary figures, and their successors will represent actually a rebirth of the original spirit of sportsmanship.

If there should be any talk of “austerity,” any criticism of crowds being congregated at sports meetings in wartime, any derisive references to “illusions,” surely these are the men qualified by service to deliver such jolts.

What do we find? They get on with the job and leave the wind-

numbered in aerial combat by forces of ten to one, hurled back Goering's air armada. Between times they carried on with their Derby, their cricket and, in recent weeks, they kicked off cheerfully in the football season, the while their Eighth Army launched an offensive in the Middle East.



*Her Majesty the Queen congratulating Gordon Richards after he had won the Oaks on the King's filly, Sun Chariot, at Newmarket on June 12th. The King is discussing the win with F. Darling, his trainer. In centre of picture the Princess Royal in uniform. Subsequently, Sun Chariot defeated the Derby winner, Walling Street, in the St. Leger, run on September 12th.*

bagging to others. They realise that rhetoric at best is only a poor substitute for service, and that nagging gets us nowhere. They turn to the gleaming record of Britain, the Motherland of the British Commonwealth of Nations, to the people whose rude ancestors dashed into the waters to challenge the first landing of the invading Roman legions, and are inspired by the force of their example.

These latter-day kinsmen of ours who, in the early period of this war, counted it “a fair fight” when out-

Seventy thousand persons assembled to see England play Scotland at Soccer; and first question of the lads of the R.A.F. on returning from raids across the Channel was: “Who won?”

Is this the stuff of which slackers are made? May these sports meetings be in any sense described as “disgusting”?

The narks may answer: “Yes, but what about the British military defeats on so many fronts?”

Were they defeats viewed in the perspective of what is called “the



long view"; that is, a strategy based on the ultimate result rather than on the immediate advantage?

The answer seems to be in the facts. Britain is still attacking. The Germans, with all their might of military preparation, have not won, and are not winning. The Motherland prepares to raze German cities to the dust to the accompaniment of the thud of footballs on the playing fields, and as the King, with members of the Royal Family, attend to watch his Majesty's horses contend for the classics.

The cheering crowds number hundreds of thousands. Yet Britain carries on, and "the King is still in England." So are his mother, the Queen Mother, Queen Elizabeth, and the Princesses—indeed, all members of the King's family not on service on foreign fronts.

If it were "disgusting" that sport should find a place in promoting morale among the Australian people, why is it that special provision has been made for organised sports gatherings among the Forces here and abroad? Why isn't a ban placed on the attendance at sports meetings of members of the Forces here and abroad?

But to return to the first A.I.F. team. They were: C. Kelleway,

C. B. Willis, H. L. Collins, C. E. Pellew, W. A. Oldfield, J. M. Taylor, J. M. Gregory, W. L. Trennery, A. W. Lampard, J. T. Murray, C. T. Docker, E. A. Bull and W. S. Stirling.

It may be mentioned that Arthur Mailey was not a member of the A.I.F. team, but he played against them on their return, and subsequently went to England on seven occasions — four times as a member of teams and thrice as a commentator.

Collins proved one of Australia's greatest captains and opening batsmen of all time. Oldfield was rated, with Blackham, as the greatest Australian wicketkeeper. Gregory was given the "palm" as the greatest slip fieldsman. Pellew had no superior as an outfielder. Taylor was the Trumper of the eleven. Kelleway must be placed among the best all-rounders, and the Bannerman in crises. Ted Long holds the world's record of having, as wicketkeeper, stumped or caught out a complete team.

Look them through, and to each may be accorded some especial mark of excellence. But the main point is that they established a tradition for Australian sport.

—THE CLUB MAN.

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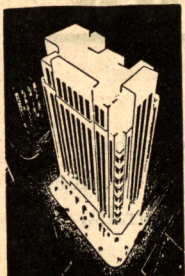
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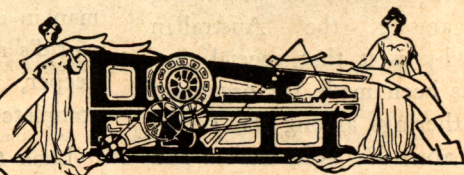
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# THE TRAPPER AND HIS DOG

By Rex Beach

For years animal lovers have repeated this story of the North Woods, and although some of them declare that they had read it, nobody seems to remember who wrote it or where it was published. Perhaps you know.

Peter Doble was a young trapper, who lived alone in the wilderness away out back of beyond. He lived alone, that is except for Prince, his huge sled dog, an animal more wolf than malemute. Each fall Pete and his silent, gray-coated companion came out of the bush for their winter supplies, then vanished again; each spring they reappeared with their season's catch of furs.

Prince was truly a silent partner, for he shared every hardship, every danger of his master. As long as the object of his devotion was nearby it mattered not to the big wolf dog whether they slept under the cold stars or in the snug comfort of their cabin; in his yellow eyes smouldered an amber glow of adoration. It burned as steadily as

an altar light and only when danger threatened his idol did the wolf in him reveal itself; then he bristled savagely and bared his fangs and into his eyes came the glare of the killer.

Some dogs can make room in their affections for only one person, but Prince's heart was as big as his frame—big enough to include Margaret, when Pete married her. The next spring, when small Peter arrived and there were three to watch over instead of two, Prince took the job and shared in the happiness that radiated from the cabin.

But the grim gods of the North Woods grew jealous. Margaret didn't regain her strength, and the first snows of autumn fell upon a fresh mound beneath the pines where a heartbroken man and a huge gray wolf dog kept silent vigil.

Somehow Pete made Prince understand that the dog could no longer help tend the trap lines and share the excitement of the outdoors. One partner must stay at home to

guard the baby while the other made the rounds and brought in food.

Thereafter from the window Prince would watch Pete disappear into the woods, then with a mighty sigh he would lie down near little Peter. When the child awoke or whimpered there was always soft fur for him to burrow into and the quick caress of a warm tongue to comfort him.

One day a blizzard struck while Pete was far from home. In no time the forest was hidden in a milk-white smother. Compass in hand he set out for home. It was slow going and night overtook him. However, Prince would surely keep the child warm, he reflected.

The gale stopped as dawn came and soon afterward Pete staggered into the clearing. He whistled. Always that signal had brought Prince to the window in hysterical antics of welcome, but this time there was neither sight nor sound of the dog.

(Continued on Page 15.)

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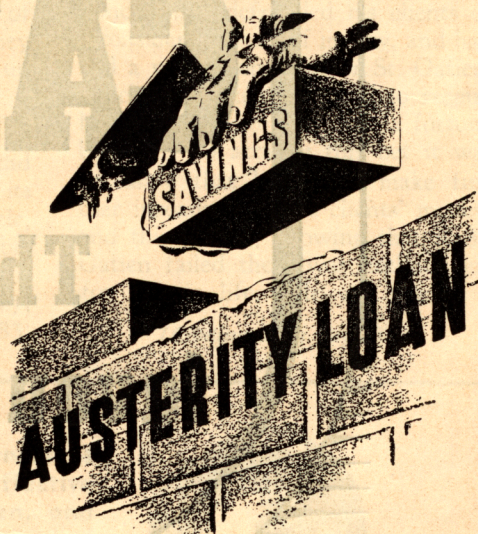
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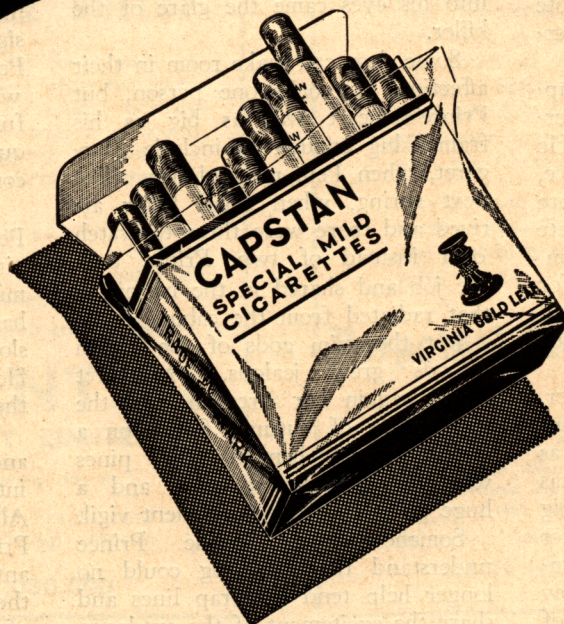
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# The English Derby

## Romance and History of the Great Race

By Edgar Wallace

The Derby, for all its possibility of romance, has not inspired writers to any notable effort. Dickens, for example, seems to have been unaware that "the Epsom Races" drew hundreds of thousands to the Downs; Disraeli gave the event a passing reference, and it was left to lesser writers to spread themselves over the glories and wonders of the great race. Poor Ouida! She invested the event with her own brand of toffee-glamour, but she is only remembered in this association by her charming errors—did she not make one horse win the derby two years in succession? When it was pointed out to her that the race is for three-year-old colts and fillies, she answered: "It is an absurd restriction. I hope my book will alter all that!"

The Derby, that "paramount and Olympic prize," is the one English horserace which has its replica in every civilised country of the world. There are Derbys in every capital of Europe; Derbys in Australia South Africa and Canada; a Kentucky Derby, a South American Derby, an Argentine Derby, and even a Derby on a little racecourse in Central Africa.

I once asked the present Earl of Derby how the race came to be initiated, and he replied with great frankness:

"In the old days matches were made over the port," he said; "and I do not doubt that when my ancestor conceived both the Oaks Stakes and the Derby Stakes for three-year-old fillies and colts respectively, it came about in this way."

The Derby is unique for many reasons, not least of which is that it has been run in successive years since 1780 over practically the same course as it is run to-day. That course is unlike any other track in the world. The horses have to climb, in the first five furlongs, a height equivalent to half the height of the Crystal Palace Tower! There is a long, more or less level run before the field dips down to Tottenham Corner, and this last fall of the ground is perhaps the most trying test of a horse's character that has ever been devised. There are scores of good horses who cannot survive the climb and then that helter-skelter downhill, and who "prop." by which I mean check their pace unconsciously, so that, when the level is reached again and the slight hill of the finish looms up before them, they are wholly incapable of making up the ground they have lost.

Although the fourteenth Earl of Derby inaugurated this race, he did not win it until seven years after its inception, when Sir Peter Teazle, ridden by one of the remarkable Arnall family, won from seven runners—the smallest field, by the way, being a field of six in the year 1783,

when Saltram won. In more recent times Rock Sand won from seven runners, St. Amant from eight, and Cicero and Orby from nine. There were thirty-two runners in 1847, when Cossack won, but the record field faced the starter in 1862, when Caractacus headed a field of thirty-four.

Derby favourites have suffered very little, remembering the extraordinary importance of the race, from the hand of the nobbler. Orme was undoubtedly got at, and in more recent times The Panther, a red-hot favourite, is believed to have been poisoned with an apple in which powdered glass was concealed; though as to this story we have only the evidence of one who alleges that he was employed to carry out this dastardly act.

In the year 1884 there was enacted a tragedy in connection with the Derby of which we have a daily reminder. A solicitor in the City of London had defrauded his clients of a considerable sum of money, and had had a very strong tip for St. Gatien, which he backed not only to recoup his losses, but to bring him a fortune besides. To arrange this bet it was necessary that he should make further inroads upon his clients' money, and this he did, knowing that if St. Gatien failed there was nothing left for him in life. He was one of a

(Continued on Page 16.)

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# FOOD WAYS IN WAR DAYS

On an English City pavement lay a stray printed card bearing the words "Keep Apart from Foodstuffs", thereby hangs a tale of wartime exigencies. In normal times a large part of our imported food is carried in regular liners—many of them specially equipped refrigerator vessels—which operate regularly on a round route between the same terminal berths.

War alters such precise arrangements. Raw materials, munitions and personnel compete with foodstuffs for space in the same ship. Liners become troopships or cruisers, and tramps, cross-channel vessels and even coastal ships make ocean voyages with vital cargoes. Munitions increase. Ten million tons of the world's merchant shipping have been sunk. Every possible step, including deeper loading, must be taken to move essential merchandise over the Seven Seas. To carry the maximum quantity in the minimum space therefore, it is necessary to vary drastically established methods. The most promising field for space reduction has been found in the processing, packing and stowaging of foodstuffs, which can be reduced to "austerity" level.

**Meat.**—Our forefathers had to rely on meat preserved by pepper; in much later times canned meat or "bully" became available. With the development of refrigeration the present generation grew accustomed to abundant supplies of fresh meat throughout the year. The difficulties due to the longer time taken on voyage in war-time convoy, and to diversions, necessitate all meat, including beef, being frozen hard instead of chilled. From the early days of the present war the practice first introduced during the conflict of 1914-1918 of telescoping carcasses of mutton, lamb and pork, by folding the leg ends within the fore ends, has again been resorted to, saving about a third of the valuable refrigerated hold space. An innovation is the importation of boneless beef which, although the joints bear little resemblance to rib, leg or shoulder when they reach British dinner tables, does save considerable freight room. A few

months ago, "Spam" and "Mor" on points became popular with the public like Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.

These two handy products of chopped ham and pork prepared ready for table or cooking (in a highly-concentrated form and tinned) represent the highest attainments of the canning industry since the commencement of the canned meat trade of the 'eighties, filling a vital need while effecting a great economy of space. Ingenious experiments have been conducted in "self-refrigeration" enabling non-refrigerator vessels to be utilised for meat transport. The floor and sides of a ship's hold are lined with boxed frozen lard; frozen meat is then loaded into the cargo space and sealed at the top with further boxes of frozen lard.

**Vitamin Juice.**—Even those who are unfamiliar with the sight of piles of boxes of oranges being craned from the ships into the dock transit sheds miss the pyramids of this vividly coloured vitamin-supplying fruit in the shops. Doubly welcome then at such a time, are the supplies of concentrated orange juice received from the U.S.A. for the children of Britain.

**Powdered Milk.**—Housewives are now familiar with the silver and blue tins containing full-cream powdered milk, which, as it retains the nutritive elements of fresh milk in their original proportion, ranks high in the priority of imported foodstuffs. Further space would be saved if the powder was compressed into blocks. Experiments prove that under high pressure, dried milk can be moulded into firm blocks, so that 10 lbs. of the powder, equivalent to 60 pints of milk, will compress into a six inch cube. This method of marketing would save tinplate and the nitrogen packing which is adopted to prevent the slight decomposition which takes place when air surrounds the grains of powder. Housewives may yet ask their grocer for a pint cube of milk!

**Dried Eggs.**—Dried eggs, packed in official silver and brick red tins,

each containing the equivalent of a dozen fresh eggs, are now on the ration—most welcome in view of the expected shortage of "Eggs, New Laid, In Shell" to which we have hitherto been accustomed. Astonishingly good they are, too, whether scrambled or as an ingredient of wartime cakes and confectionery. Eighty thousand tons of imported dried eggs are the equivalent of 2,000,000 tons of feeding stuffs required to produce the same number of eggs here.

**National Bread.**—We are all eating National Bread; in other words, our loaf is baked from flour containing a percentage of bran, thus reducing the bulk of imported wheat required by ship loads this year. Official announcements urge the utmost economy in bread. "Many a mickle make a muckle" and 1 oz. a day less bread per head would be equivalent to fifty ship loads in a year.

## De-hydration.

In the stress of the Battle of the Seas the process of "dehydrating" foodstuffs is receiving great attention. This simply means the removal of the water content from the substance being treated; regarding which Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., writes to "The Times" that if we must have "a word for it" it should surely be "dis-aqueated" or perhaps "de-aqueated," adding that no one has yet suggested dehydrated means anything but "dried." Desiccated soups in powder and cube form have been used in kitchens for many years, but the novelty arises in the application of the method to vegetables, milk, eggs, butter and now to meat. It has taken three months to perfect the drying process which produces satisfactorily meat in a dry powdery form, packed in cans. This idea is not new, as years ago an Auckland firm endeavoured to popularise "Meat flour" in New Zealand and Australia.

In the U.S.A. there are now about 100 companies operating drying plants with an aggregate production capacity of 125,000,000 lbs. a year. Generally speaking "dehydrating" results in a reduction of bulk, according to the commodity treated, varying be-



tween forty and ten times the original bulk of the dried foodstuff, and it is estimated that "Lend-Lease" food shipments, which totalled 7,600 million lbs. weight in the year ended March last, could have been reduced by this process to save the services of 80 ships of 1,000 tons each.

**Fruit.**—Frequently, at least, we are able to have jam with bread and butter or margarine—due to an appreciable extent to the shipments of citrus and other fruit pulp received from overseas. Dried prunes, apricots and dates are indeed welcome when fresh fruits have entirely disappeared from the menu! This form of preserving is merely a method of concentrated packing by semi-drying.

**Butter.**—Following successful experiments in the manufacture of pure butter fat, contracts for thousands of tons of this food have been entered into with the New Zealand Government. Pure butter fat is butter with moisture and other components removed, leaving only the fat. This dehydrated butter is whiter and denser than butter, and is prepared for use by the addition of salt and water. It is carried in tins as ordinary cargo.

**Tea.**—Ceylon tea planters are now considering saving shipping space by crushing the larger tea leaf grades of tea to a smaller size, thus securing the advantage of packing a fifth more tea in each chest.

The expansion of production achieved in Empire countries, the U.S.A. and Allied countries supplements our own intensive production—achieved by Agricultural War Committees and the proceeds from allotments—to an enormous extent.

The quantities of concentrated foodstuffs already delivered by the U.S.A. alone approximate:—

Evaporated and canned foods, 500 million lbs. weight.

Dried or dehydrated foods, 1500 million lbs. weight.

Pulped fruits, 1400 million lbs. weight.

Concentrated fruit juice, 250 million galls. measure.

Thus have the resources of science been harnessed to effect this remarkable switchover to new processes of

food preparation, shipment and distribution for the single purpose of saving shipping weight and space.

The official encouragement of more economical ways of cooking and bringing essential meals to the table, the provision of Civic Restaurants and Canteens in towns, factories and industrial works—and not least of all in the docks themselves—ensures adequate and cheap meals for all, and further reduces the aggregate quantities which have to be brought by ships through the Seven Seas.

Traditional methods are being thrown aside. The Food Ways of War Days enable the inhabitants of this island to be well fed—and some even better fed—and are a direct and vital part of the national war effort.—"Port of London Authority."

## The Trapper and His Dog

(Continued from Page 11.)

Pete's heart grew cold; shouting hoarsely, he broke into a run and flung himself against the door which, he now saw, stood half open.

The baby's crib was empty! The blankets were red with blood and there were great smears of blood on the floor. As the father stood rooted in horror Prince crept from under the bed; his muzzle, too, was red, and the fur of his neck was matted. He did not look at the man or try to approach him, but lay there head down, silent, eyes averted.

In a flash Pete understood. Once wolf, always wolf! Hunger had aroused the primitive instinct of his kind. With a cry the man raised his axe and struck with all his strength, burying it in the dog's massive head.

Suddenly there came a whimper from somewhere back of Prince's body. The father stooped and with trembling hands drew the baby from beneath the bed. Peter's clothing was torn and bloodstained but he was unhurt. In a daze the father stared round the cabin, and for the first time saw in a dark corner the carcass of a gaunt timber wolf with its throat torn out. In its teeth was still clenched a piece of Prince's bloody fur.

## MELBA MEMORY

ALTHOUGH Melba kept her age secret in life, and it was not recorded in her obituary, those who professed to know claimed that the Queen of Song was born in the early sixties—probably 1862. That would mean that she would have been 40 when she returned from overseas triumphs to her native country in 1902. Here is a report of her concert in the Sydney Town Hall:

When Melba appeared first, the huge and fashionable audience broke into tumultuous cheering, and then in that strange way that sometimes moves an audience to acknowledge a master musician, they rose to their feet and cheered almost hysterically. Melba moved to emotion "brushed away a tear" and kissed her hands to the audience. Then Melba began to sing, proceeded with a selection from the famous "Lucia," which gives a singer unrivalled opportunities for dramatic expression.

Melba was at the height of her form. Said the message: "She sang with wonderful freshness and the liquid purity of her vocal tones, and the surpassing ease and grace with which the voice was produced won an ovation that unnerved not only the singer, but brought tears to the eyes of many in the audience."

Again the audience rose to its feet and cheered and waved whatever they could lay hands on. "It was a fascinating sight to witness a couple of thousand fashionably-dressed men and women under the influence of strong emotion.

"In a quivering voice, Melba sang 'Home, Sweet Home.' Melba is gone now, but the memory of her singing of that appealing melody lingers on. She featured it especially at soldiers' camp concerts during the last war."

I first heard Melba in 1908, again during her Grand Opera Season in 1912, and finally, in a scene from La Boheme in 1928. She had retained by 1912 much of her vocal splendour, but by 1928 she was only Queen of

(Continued on Page 16.)



## Melba Memory

(Continued from Page 15.)

Song by deference. Little wonder—she had made her overseas debut in 1886.

Those who were competent to judge and honest enough to be candid, described Melba at her best as "a first-class artist with a second-rate temperament." Her vocal brilliance, tonal purity and musicianship were unrivalled, but she sadly lacked soul. She electrified rather than tranquilised. "Home, Sweet Home" was distinctly not one of her numbers, nor was Tosti's "Good-Bye," readily to recall two with which Dolores melted her audiences.

However, it's growing pretty late. I was never rated as a music critic, although Melba in person once paid me the doubtful compliment of acknowledging that she had laughed over my first night notice more heartily than ever she had been moved by accredited critics. Perhaps it was for the reason that I had written about everything but her singing.

A postscript to history is that in 1908 I drank so liberally from a small bottle of champagne, placed on a wicker table behind scenes, that when Melba repaired to the plant for a refresher, after her main number, she couldn't raise the bare half glass.

Brother newspapermen of the time wondered how ever I had contrived to get the scoop story of the missing champagne; and the story was written by me in a manner as to cast suspicion on a well-known Rechabite, without directly naming him.

On my meeting Melba again in 1912, and in after years, I was tempted to break down and confess, but I remembered Wallington's advice—and don't tell me you don't remember Wallington!—"Better not."

Several years ago I was being driven along Ann Street, Brisbane, by a friend many years my senior, when he paused and pointed to the Presbyterian Church there and said: "That's where Nellie Mitchell (Melba's maiden name) married George Armstrong, some time in the eighties."

—THE CLUB MAN.

## The English Derby

(Continued from Page 13.)

group that surrounded a tape machine, then in its infancy, that was bringing the news of the Derby result.

Presently the "off" was signalled, and then the machine buzzed—the result was coming through. He watched the tape, fascinated, and presently it spelt a horse—Harvester: the horse he had been warned might win the race. Without another word he left the lobby where the machine was, went into a room, and shot himself. Had he waited another second he would have seen that Harvester and St. Gatien had run a dead-heat, which would have meant that all the money he required to clear himself, and more, would have been his on settling day.

In consequence of this tragedy, readers who watch tape machines in operation will notice that, when a dead-heat is run, the words "dead-heat" precede the names of the two horses.

There have been some wonderful Royal victories in the Derby. Persimmon gave King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, his first triumph; and Diamond Jubilee his second. Diamond Jubilee was a very difficult horse to ride, and he conceived a violent antipathy to the stable jockey, Mornington Cannon. "Morny" could do nothing with him at exercise, and the friends of the Royal sportsman were in despair, until Marsh mentioned the fact that there was a stable boy named Jones in whose hands the horse was tractable and went kindly. Little Jones was hauled out of his obscurity, and the Prince looked at him for a long time before he made his decision.

"If you are good enough for Diamond Jubilee you are good enough for me, my boy," he said, and Jones had the ride, and won, amidst scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm, which were repeated to an even greater extent when the Prince, later King Edward VII., won his third Derby with Minoru—a very moderate horse and a leased one at that.

It is a remarkable fact that from 1787 to 1924 no Earl of Derby had succeeded in carrying off this prize, and possibly even the scenes which accompanied the victory of Minoru were eclipsed in that frantic moment of enthusiasm when the Earl of Derby went out last year to lead in his winner, Sansovino.

Of the hundred-to-one winners there have been several. Sir Hugo was one, Jeddah was another, Signorinetta, a filly bred and trained by an old-fashioned Italian nobleman, was yet another; whilst the Derby sensation of 1913 was the disqualification of Craganour (unfairly, as I think) and the awarding of the race to Aboyeur, who started at forlorn odds and was probably the worst Derby winner we have seen since the race was organised.

French-trained horses have won it on several occasions. Durbar II. was the victor in the year of the War, Gladiateur in 1865, whilst an American horse, Iroquois, ridden by Fred Archer, carried off the spoils in '81. Archer won on Silvio in '77, on Bend Or in 1880, on Melton in 1885, on Ormonde in 1886. Of the modern jockeys, Stephen Donoghue has won the race three times and two substitute races run at Newmarket.

## MALTA: MOST BOMBED SPOT ON EARTH

(Continued from Page 5.)

vessels because of air attacks, Malta is still valuable as a base from which British submarines prey on Axis shipping; and, more important, an air base. Fighters take off from rocky, pocket airfields, hidden in the hills; and bombers use it as a relay point to refuel and pick up bombs to drop on Italy. Malta is the pressure spot close to the heart of Italy, the soft link in the Axis armour. The Axis seems determined to eliminate it, for it stands in the way of convoys supplying Rommel's Libyan army.

Whether Malta falls or not, it has already written one of the great unsung epics of this war.—Condensed from "Life."



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## WEST WYALONG

**W**EST WYALONG, some 344 miles from Sydney, has a strong element of romance in its history, which can be attributed to the lure and fascination of gold.

In common with most of the inland towns, the summers are hot, and the winters cold and short, but the spring and autumn are very pleasant.

So far back as 1817, Surveyor John Oxley prophesied that the country surrounding this district, from want of timber, grass and water, would never be inhabited by man.

Civilised man, however, has overcome these obstacles, and to-day, the towns of Wyalong and West Wyalong stand as monuments to the untiring grit and endurance of our country's pioneers.

Two of the earliest settlers were John Cartwright, son of the chaplain held in high esteem by Governor Macquarie, who took up Barmedman Station, and William Hovell, the famous explorer, who settled on the land which is now the Lake Cowal Station, one of the best known properties in the State.

In the early days Wyalong was spelt Wyolong, but the reason for the change of spelling seems to be unknown except that it was easier to say.

It might be mentioned that the original native name signified "A Turning Place," but whether of a creek or camping place is also not known.

In 1866 Ballieres Gazetteer stated that "Wyolong Station" (Lachlan District) was occupied by Messrs. Phillips and Besnard, area 40,000 acres, grazing capability 640 head of cattle, annual rental £30."

Little more than 10/- a week rental for a property of 40,000 acres!

In these days the very idea seems strange and fantastic.

Apart from the great pastoral stations, there was practically no other settlement in the Wyalong district until the year 1889. Then came the first holders of Conditional Leases, a few miles north and north-west of the present town. These included William, Robert and Elizabeth Gagie, Wilfred Wells and William Lange, and then in the early nineties came John and Phillip Bolte, Donald Rankin and Phillip Ryan, also George Wooten Neeld.

To the Neeld's, father and sons, came the distinction of discovering gold in payable quantities on what was later called the "Pioneer" claim; just prior to this it might be mentioned that Mr. Surveyor Meldrum had remarked on the presence of likely looking quartz.

Intensive prospecting followed, to be rewarded by the discovery of the "Dead

Rabbit" and "Harry's" claims, and then one of Mr. Neeld's sons, going to what was known as the "White Tank" for water, came back with news of more gold. A shaft was sunk to a depth of 30 feet, and it was then that Mr. Neeld decided to report his find and peg out his claims which included the "Prospecting" claim, "Harry's Find," "The Christmas Gift" and the "Dead Rabbit."

Six weeks later the previously almost uninhabited spot had a population of over 500—this was in January—and in March, the result of the first crushing of stone sent to Barmedman showed 18½ tons of stone yielding 471 ozs. of gold—or over 2½ ounces to the ton.

By the end of the same month it is estimated that there were over 10,000 people on the field. Such is the forced growth that gold brings—from a mere handful to 10,000 in about three months.

The locality at this time became known as the "Main Camp" because most of the seekers congregated close to "White Tank," so named from the fact that about 1883 a white bullock had been shot nearby, the biggest and wildest of the many roaming the bush.

The tank, originally excavated by Mr. A. M. Blyth, holder of the West Wyalong run, was the only water supply in the first days of the field, but in 1895, a new tank was excavated under the supervision of Surveyor J. Richmond somewhat to the west of the old one, and he also received instructions for the laying out of a town.

The site was discussed with Mining-Warden Sharpe, and as a result, Wyalong township came into being, some 1½ mile east of "Main Camp," and was proclaimed a village on June 23rd, 1894.

Meanwhile at Wyalong, or Main Camp, progress continued on a greater scale than in Wyalong township, a Post Office being established in 1894, and in addition, the first bank commenced business in a 12 x 10 feet tent on the side of a winding track which was the main street of the settlement, also a school was opened there two months before the one at Wyalong township.

Agitation commenced among the residents at "Main Camp," or Wyalong, for a township reserve, and in December 1895, the Government gave instructions for the survey of the occupied area at West Wyalong, and thus the twin townships were named and came into being.

In 1894 coaches were running daily to and from Temora via Barmedman, but as a result of representations regarding the proposal to extend the railway line from Temora, this line eventually was officially

opened by Mr. E. W. O'Sullivan on December 12th, 1903.

From the opening of the first mine in 1894 to 1920 when the yield practically ceased, a total approaching half a million ounces valued at one and three-quarter million pounds, was won from the field, and with the decline of gold there came a mild boom of a very different nature—Golden Metal gave way to Golden Grain.

In 1898 and again in 1902 land was set apart for Homestead Selection, and the suitability for agricultural purposes being obvious, there was an influx of settlers.

In 1913 Mr. Walter Kilroy, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I., who visited the district spoke these words:—"Wyalong as a wheat district is only just coming into prominence, and one cannot be convicted of speculation in saying that the district has a great and immediate future."

After a peak period, a succession of low years, of poor returns and low prices, changed the outlook, chastening the former optimism, but despite this setback so soon after the transition from gold to grain, West Wyalong has continued to progress, and is to-day a solid town with a fine Olympic Swimming Pool and many attractive homes and buildings.

There is a splendid water supply reticulated from the Burrinjuck Scheme, whilst electricity and industrial power are supplied from the Council's Power House.

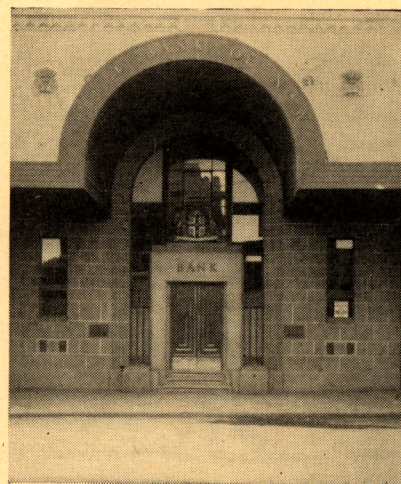
The local newspaper, "The West Wyalong Advocate," was established in 1900.

The district is rich in wheat, much of which is milled at the Wyalong Flour Mill, whilst there are also thousands of acres of land under oats.

This same district supports many thousands of sheep, cattle and horses, and in addition there is a substantial butter production.

Heaps of sand which had been treated in the past are being put through a cyaniding process, and in consideration of the present value of gold are paying well; fossicking continues, and a rich deposit of tin, discovered at Kikora, is being worked to advantage.

This district in common with others is embarking on an era of reconstruction, and it is felt that future progress will be vast and that the sturdy spirit of enterprise and self-dependence of the pioneers will triumph and maintain West Wyalong among the foremost districts in the State.



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